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The Caledonian.

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The Courtin'.

AN OLD POEM, WITH SOME ADDITIONS.

Zekle crep' up, quite unbeknown,
An' peeked in thru the winder,
An' there sot Huldy all alone,
'Ith no one nigh to hender.

Agin' the chimbly crooknecks hung,
An' in amongst 'em rusted
The old queen's arm that gran'ther Young
Fetched back from Concord busted.

The wannut logs shot sparkles out
Towards the pootiest, bless her!
An' leetle fires danced all about
The chiny on the dresser.

The very room, coz she was in,
Looked warm from floor to ceilin,
An, she looked full ez rosy agin
Ez th' apples she waz peelin'.

She heerd a foot, an' knowed it, to,
A raspin' on the scraper,—
All ways to once her feelins flew
Like sparks in burnt-up paper.

He kin' o' l'itered on the mat,
Some doubtfle o' the seekle;
His heart kep' goin' pity-pat,
But hern went pity Zekle.

An' yet she gin her cheer a jerk
Ez though she wished him furder,
An' on her apples kep' to work
Ez ef a wager spurred her.

"You want to see me pa, I spose?"
"Wal, no; I come designin'—"
"To see my ma? She's sprinklin' clo'es
Agin to-morrow's i'nin'."

He stood a spell on one foot fust
Then stood a spell on tother,
An' on which one he felt the wust
He could'nt ha' told ye, nuther.

Sez he, "I'd better call agin';"
Sez she, "think likely, *Mister;*"
The last words pricked him like a pin,
An'—wal, he up and kist her.

When ma bimeby upon 'em slips,
Huldy sot pale ez ashes,
All kind o' smily round the lips
An' teary round the lashes.

Her blood riz quick though, like the tide
Down to the Bay o' Fundy,
An' all I know is they was cried
In meetin' come nex' Sunday.

Settling the Hash.—Strolling leisurely about Uncle Sam's big shipyard in Washington the other day, we observed a regular hard weather sailor chap from a man 'o war, who, in turn, was watching two men dragging a seven feet cross-cut saw through a huge live oak log. The saw was dull, the log terrible hard, and there they went—see-saw, see-saw—pull, push, push, pull. Jack studied the matter over awhile, until he came to the conclusion that they were pulling to see who would get the saw, and as one was a monstrous big chap, while the other was a little fellow, Jack decided to see fair play; so taking the big one a clip under the ear that capsized him end over end, he jerked the saw out of the log, and giving it to the small one, sung out—"Now run, you beggar!"

"I've had a grand letter from Judith," said Mrs. Griskin to a neighboring cousin. "She's away up to Pea-rue, a top of the Who's-sick mounting, that they're trying to punch a hole through; and she says when that's done they mean to have a gay time up on the summit. Uncle Joe's big barn is to be fixed up on condition that the bottom of his well don't tumble out." "Well, cousin that is real nice. Shall we have time to get ready to be there? I aint finished my skirt yet."—*Boston Post.*

Scraps

FROM THE LIFE OF DOUGLAS JERROLD.

Man's Strength.—A man never so beautifully shows his own strength, as when he respects woman's softness.

Titles.—Titles, to be the real thing, should be like potatoes, and turn up with a lot of land about 'em.

Virtue.—Virtue, attempting to gloss dishonesty, if it doesn't grow ashamed and break down in the oration, ceases to be a virtue.

Cold mutton.—Cold mutton's like a cold friend, the less to be stomached for having once been hot.

The Heroine of a Love Story.—A mere thing of goose-quill and foolscap; only born in a garret, to be buried in a trunk.

Moral Principle.—This is what the world calls principle: he has owed me half a crown for seven years, and wears lavender-water!

Conscience.—Conscience, be it ever so little a worm while we live, grows suddenly to a serpent on our deaht-bed.

Shakspearian Grog.—As for the brandy, "nothing extenuate;" and the water, "put nought in, in malice."

True Humor.—A man of true humor may put a capital joke into an epitaph, and get a broad grin from a skeleton.

Man's Debts.—Man owes two solemn debts: one to society, and one to nature. It is only when he pays the second that he covers the first.

Gambling.—I never, by chance, hear the rattling of dice that it does'nt sound to me like the funeral bell of a whole family.

Human devils.—If men do seem devils, it is when, made drunk and callous by the bounty of heaven, they mock and mortify their fellow-men.

A Good World.—We are poor fools, and make sad mistakes; but there is goodness hived, like wild honey, in strange nooks and corners of the world.

Ancestry.—"As for ancestry," says Smoke, "truth to speak, I am one of those who may take the cuckoo for their crest, and for their motto—'Nothing.'"

Love in Prison.—Has not the magic of the passion hung prison walls with garlands and, like the sun of old, drawn hidden harmonies from out the very flint?

The influence of Wealth.—Everybody has imagination when money is the thought—the theme. The common brain will bubble to a golden wand.

Ingratitude.—We are too apt to bury our accounts along with our benefactors; to enjoy the triumphs of others as though they were the just property of ourselves.

An Incident in a Groggery.

On one of the corners of Mercer street there is a low drinking house. All around the bar room there are arranged small tables on which, of an evening, some of the frequenters are resting their glasses, but more are shuffling half worn cards. There is no name over the door, nor any number upon it; it seems to be no part of the keeper's plan to attract transient patronage, but rather to depend on "a regular line o' customers," a dozen of whom were assembled sometime after 11 one night last week, where they might have realized as much fun as Swedenborg's evil spirits in the delights of their ordure but for a most abrupt interruption just as our reporter chanced to be crossing into Broadway.

"I want Andrew O'Nell." The men at the bar and the sitters by the table looked toward the door, where stood a young woman, poorly, but not shabbily dressed, in whose unspoiled face, hope and desire were struggling with despair. "I want Andrew O'Neil." There was an energy behind the almost calm voice of the woman, and at this second summons, a middle-aged man, with a pock-marked face, and in whose mixed blood the Scotch seemed to predominate, got up and heavily moved toward the door.

"What are you here for, and away from home again Mrs.?"

"For you, for you, O'Neil, you're not to be here spending your money and me washing the long day."

"Go about your business—you might be ashamed here among the Mercer street women. I'm not going with you, so start off, and the sooner the better."

"Will you say that to me? Come here now."

And saying this, the woman caught at her husband's cap with one hand, and pulled him by the arm with the other, when the brute pushed her in the face, and sought to excite his fellows against her by vile epithets; but the first jeer he raised made the woman frantic, and snatching an oyster knife, she rushed upon him with such wild fury that he was rescued with difficulty by the keeper of the house and one or two of the bystanders.

"Is this the way you talk to me, you white faced villain?—is this what you promised when I left my good home? Look me in the face, you skunk, and speak. If you saw ever, or heard ever aught against me as maid or wife? I've not in the house what's comfortable, and you here drinking and playing away the money I should have for the boys. How dare you look at me?"

The crazed woman shrieked this rather than spoke it, and the landlord, annoyed by the crowd gathering at his door, interfered to get her off; he told her to go about her business; that if she was a decent woman she wouldn't be disturbing the town, and intimated where the door was, out of which she must go.

"Do *you* tell me to go? do *you* know anything of me that's not decent? I'm O'Nell's lawful wife. I'm the mother of his two boys (stepping close to him and drawing herself unconsciously up to an attitude of graceful power)—do *you* dare to strike me or say wrong of me? You steal away my joy; you steal away honest people's earnings, you serpent. Yes, hold on to that post, you can't look an honest woman like Mary O'Nell in the face; no more can any man here, nor this pitiful husband of mine, drinking with harlots and skulking here, look at me."

This burst of invective subdued all about her. Her comely face was radiant with indignant passion. She stood on that miserable floor a revelation of unconscious eloquence and original power, before which cowered the inferior people around her. There was revelling in the St. Nicholas, near by. The gilded bar-room of that caravansera was crowned, its drawing rooms and late supper tables thronged with fair women in costly silks; but was there in anyone of all that brilliant assemblage so much of that native power, force of character, and capacity for self-assertion, that mark where the gold-veins are in the quartz of human formations; was there anywhere more of this than gleamed from the features of Mary O'Neil, with her heart breaking there in the low drinking room across the way?

While she was speaking her husband sneaked out through a door behind the bar, and the woman was left alone. Two or three strangers in the crowd expressed their admiration of her womanliness and their sympathy for her misfortunes by compelling her to take a small sum of money, and urging her to give over looking for her worthless husband then or ever thereafter. But her pathetic reply was, "bad as he is, I love the very ground he walks upon."—*New York Tribune.*

Life in Nebraska.

A citizen of Nebraska thus posts up an eastern correspondent who spered a variety of questions at him as to the Territory and life there:

"What kind of country do you live in?"

"Mixed and extensive. It is made up principally of land and water."

"What kind of weather?"

"Long spells of weather are frequent. Our sunshine comes off principally during the daytime."

"Have you plenty of water, and how got?"

"A good deal of water scattered about, and generally got in pails and whiskey."

"Is it hard?"

"Rather so, when you have to go a half a mile, and wade in mud knee deep to get it."

"What kind of buildings?"

"Allegoric, Ionic, anti-Caloric, Long and Slabs. The buildings are chiefly out of doors and so low that the chimneys all stick out through the roof."

"What kind of society?"

"Good, bad, hateful, indifferent and mixed."

"Any aristocracy?"

"Nary one."

"What do your people do for a living mostly?"

"Some work, some laze around, one is a shrewd business manager, and several drink whisky."

"Is it cheap living there?"

"Only five cents a glass and the water thrown in."

"Any taste for music?"

"Strong. Buzz and buck-saws in the daytime, and wolf-howling and cat-fighting nights."

"Any pianos there?"

"No, but we have several cow bells, and a tin pan in every family."

"Any manufacturers?"

"Every household. All our children are home productions."

"What could a genteel family in moderate circumstances do there for a living?"

"Work, shave notes, fish, hunt, steal, or if hard pinched, buy and sell town property."

Medicine, Health and Hygiene.

Rational Therapeutics.—Two years ago Dr. A. A. Gould in an anniversary address before the Massachusetts Medical Society, used these words: "*We would regard every approach toward the rational and successful prevention and management of disease, without the necessity of drugs, to be an advance in favor of humanity and scientific medicine.*" Whereupon some member of the Society offered $100 as a prize for the best essay on this subject; and, of the six papers presented, the one heading this paragraph, and written by Dr. Worthington Hooker, of New Haven, Ct., was adjudged the best. And a most excellent paper it is, too; its whole drift of teaching is to prevent and manage disease, without administering any more medicine than can possibly be helped. A wonderful improvement has been made on this point within twenty or thirty years, both in the profession and out of it. Among the best educated physicians, not one half or one third so much medicine is now given as was administered forty or fifty years ago. Still the *Americans* have the reputation of being the greatest medicine consumers in the world. This accounts for the immense quantities of quack medicines disposed of in our country. If the teachings of this essay were generally followed, there would be far less disease in the community, and not half the medicines used that are now taken, whether prescribed by physicians or not.

Abuse of Opiates.—The public would be surprised to learn the amount of opium in its various forms consumed in our country. A late number of the *Pittsfield Eagle* remarks, "Our readers would be astonished to learn the amount of this fascinating and treacherous drug sold to individuals by our druggists. Without making special inquiry we have heard of at least half a dozen persons who use it to excess in one form or another." There is scarcely a town or a village in New England where facts similar to this statement may not be found to exist. One of the leading New York papers lately alluding to this subject, says: "The accounts given by our druggists in regard to the use of opium are quite astounding. Many persons resort to its use for its intoxicating or stimulating effects; while others make free use of the article for its anodyne or narcotic effect in relieving pain, drowning care and trouble, or procuring sleep, &c. The quantity of this drug imported into our country is increasing every year, and much of it is used to no good purpose. Multitudes indulge in its use in some form who are not suspected. It is a species of dissipation more fascinating in its attractions, and far more pernicious in its effects, than that of ardent spirits.

Maxims for the Season.—1. When in a state of profuse perspiration, never throw off a portion of your clothing, nor drink large draughts of cold water, nor remain long where drafts of air blow upon you.

2. When the system is laboring under exhaustion, never lie down upon the ground nor fall asleep in the open air, or where a draft of air blows upon you through a window or door.

3. Never use a cold bath when the body is in a state of exhaustion from fatigue or perspiration.

4. Keep the body strictly clean by frequent bathings.

5. Avoid all unripe, flatulent and acid fruits, and such as are difficult of digestion.

6. Eat moderately of plain wholesome food.

7. Retire early at night, and rise early in the morning.

8. Cultivate constant cheerfulness and great equanimity of mind.

9. Have a clear conscience toward God and man.

The two last rules should not be bounded by *seasons*, but are applicable at *all times*.

Luck in Farming.

There are few words oftener upon the lips of a certain class of farmers than LUCK.

Smith is a "lucky dog," because his corn never rots, his wheat never winter-kills, his sheep never get into his rye, and his cows never invade his meadows or orchards. His crops are better than his neighbor's, his butter brings more in the market, and even his wife and children have a more contented look than other people. Everything he touches thrives. What a lucky man Smith is!

Now, the fact is, luck has nothing to do with Smith's success in life. If you watch the man, you will find that every result he reaches is anticipated and planned for, and comes of his own wit and work. It is the legitimate reward of his labors, and it would have been bad luck if it had turned out otherwise. His corn always comes up, because he always selects the seed himself, and hangs it up by the husks in the garret, where it is thoroughly dried. He does not plant until the sun has warmed the soil enough to give the germ an immediate start. His wheat fields he drains with tile, and the water that used to freeze and thaw on the surface, and throw the roots of the wheat out and kill them, now passes down into the drains and runs off. His fields are green and beautiful in the spring, when his neighbor's are russet brown and desolate. His fences are in good repair, and his animals are not made breechy by the continual temptation of dilapidated walls. His wife and children are comfortably clothed and fed, and are not kept in a continual fret and worry by a husband and father, who has no system or energy in his business. "A time and place for everything," is his motto, carefully carried out. The shoemaker is always called in when his services are needed, and none of his household get wet feet, catch cold, have the lung fever, and run up a doctor's bill of twenty dollars, for want of a cent's worth of leather at the right time in the right place.

Smith does not believe in luck. He knows that health in the family and thrift upon the farm depend upon a thousand little things, that many of his neighbors are too lazy or too careless to look after. So while they are at the tavern, or loafing in the village, or running a muck in politics, he is looking after these things, and laying his plans for next year. He has good corn even in the poorest year, because the soil has the extra manure it needs to bring out good long, plump, well capped ears. He meant to have eighty bushels to the acre, and he has it, good measure and running over. Talk to him about luck, he will say to you:

"It's all nonsense. Bad luck is simply a man with his hands in his breeches pockets and a pipe in his mouth, looking on and seeing how it will come out. Good luck is a man of pluck to meet difficulties, his sleeves rolled up, and working to make it all come out right. He rarely fails. At least I never did."

Smith is right. Attend to your business and you will have good luck.—*American Agriculturist.*

Hoe, the Printing Press Maker.

BY GRANT THORBURN.

In 1805, the yellow fever prevailed in New York to a fearful extent. I never left the city on these occasions. I sat in my shop-door, in the cool of the evening. I beheld a man progressing from the South; he walked in the middle of the street, and was reading the names on the sign-boards.

He stepped to my door.

"Mr. Thorburn," said he, "I am just come on shore from the ship Draper, from Liverpool. I am a carpenter by trade; I can't find work. Can't you tell me where I can find board till the fever is over? My name is Robert Hoe."

He looked young, simple and honest. I knew the heart of the stranger. I called my wife.

"My dear," says I, "this stranger can neither find work nor board; will you board him?"

"Yes," said she.

"If he takes the fever, will you help me nurse him?"

"I will."

"Thank you," said I, "for this God will bless you."

Before one week elapsed he took the fever, and myself nursed him. On the fourth day of the fever he was under the operation of a powerful medicine. The fever was coursing through his veins, and burning up his English blood. I sat by his bed. He fastened his eyes on mine.

"O, Mr. T., Mr. T.," he exclaimed, "I shall die. I can never stand this."

"Die! to be sure, Robert, we must all die. I shall see you a master-builder in New York and married to a bonny Yankee lass, and live to carry your grand-children in my arms yet."

There was a lull in the fever when the medicine commenced operation. He dropped asleep, and from that hour the fever left him.

When I held the cooling drops to his lips, and pressed his burning head between my hands, I little thought there lay the germ of a machine that was destined to revolutionize the world of literature. At that time a common school Bible cost a dollar; now they are sold for twenty-five cents. His sons added several improvements to their father's invention; they are much esteemed, wherever known.

I was traveling in New Jersey some ten years ago. Stepping from the cars, I noticed a decent looking citizen among the spectators. Says I:

"Sir, my business will detain me a week in this town. I don't like to stop at a tavern, can you inform me where I can find a quiet, private family, where I may board?"

"I can," he replied. "Come with me."

We turned a corner. On a piazza, in front of a respectable dwelling, sat a comely matron. On her lap sat a child that might have been six summers.

"Good wife," says my conductor, "this is Mr. Thorburn from New York. He wants private accommodations. Can you board him for a week?"

"That I will," said she, "for a twelve month if he says so. I have often heard my father tell how Mr. Thorburn took him into his house, and nursed him when he took the yellow fever."

"What was your father's name?" I inquired.

"Robert Hoe."

"Is that your child?"

"It is," said she.

I took the babe in my arms. Said I:

"Madam, 'tis over forty years, when, cheering your father, I told him I hoped to carry his grand-child in my arms. This day my prediction is fulfilled in your eyes."

The elder Hoe died in 1835.

Exemplary Patience.—Judge Olin was violently attacked, in court, by a young and very impertinent attorney, but heard him quite through, and made no reply. After the adjournment for the day, and when all had assembled at the hotel where the judge and many of the court had their lodging, one of the company, referring to the scene at court, asked the judge why he did not rebuke the impertinent fellow. "Permit me," said the judge, loud enough to call the attention of all the company, among which was "the fellow" in question, "permit me to tell you a story. My father, when we lived down in the country, had a dog—a mere puppy, I may say. Well, this puppy would go out every moonlight night, and bark at the moon for hours together." Here the judge paused as if he had done with the story. "Well, well, what of it?" exclaimed half-a-dozen of the audience at once. "Oh, nothing—nothing whatever! *The moon kept right on, just as if nothing had happened!*"

The Red Bracelet.

"Ah me! for aught that ever I could read,
Could ever hear by tale or history,
The course of true love never did run smooth."
Midsummer-Night's Dream.

I.

It is good to be young and in love.

I have known some persons who professed to hold a different opinion, fortifying it by sneers and sarcasms. But I never gave much credit to their declarations. However that may be—as far as I myself am concerned, I hold resolutely to the axiom—it is *very* good to look with fresh bright eyes on life, and feel the heart beat warmly when a certain footstep comes toward you.

I think of Hallie as I write the words. She was my cousin, twice removed, and lived with her parents at the old family homestead, "Ellenbrakes," on the banks of a Lowland river. She was the joy and pride of all who knew her—the idol of her father and mother; in my own particular eyes a species of little angel, though angels are not accustomed I believe, to wear chip hats and romp in the most extravagant manner on the slightest provocation. When I went to "Ellenbrakes," on my way to college, in October of the good year ——, Miss Hallie was just sixteen and a half. Shall I draw her outline with a hash of the pen? Fancy, as our Gallic brethren say, a forest sylph, clad in a bright pink dress, defining clearly every outline of a figure, slender, graceful, undulating, and already rounding into the perfect flower of womanhood. A rosy face, full of mischief, looking forth from beneath a wide chip hat—the eyes dancing with coquettish and provoking mirth—the lips crimped by suppressed laughter, or curved into an expression of audacious satire. Add bare white arms—a foot "like the mountain deer's"—a quantity of raven curls descending at their own wild will upon the plumpest neck imaginable—and "Miss in her teens," as a growing old bachelor in the neighborhood used to call her, is before you.

Two days after I reached "Ellenbrakes" I was desperately in love with Hallie. Do not deride me, excellent and worthy descendants of Diogenes! I was only twenty, and at twenty you know, for some mysterious reason, hearts will occasionally beat loud and fast—the cheek will flush without much cause—and when *somebody* is beside us, "common sense," the elegant name for worldliness and worn-out sympathies, will disapper from view. I am sixty-six, and I declare to you, upon my honor, that I think that early sentiment, sudden and irrational as it may appear, was true life.

But this is a digression. Let me state the facts without apology, for I am not ashamed of them. I was in love with my young cousin, more or less, from the very first moment of our meeting. I had left her an awkward child some years before, and now found her a lovely girl approaching seventeen—that period in the life of women when, as in the fully-developed rosebud, not yet grown into the imposing flower, all the freshest elements of beauty often seem to combine themselves. My eyes were immediately opened to the immense difference between the "young lady" now before me and the mere child I had left. In past years I had rather regarded it as a favor to caress Miss Hallie, and bestow my superfluous amount of "petting" upon her. Designing now to graciously return to this agreeable habitude, I essayed to place a cousinly salute upon the maiden's lips, and was rewarded by an attempt, upon her part, to box my ears.

"Not kiss me, Hallie!" I cried with admirably dissembled astonishment; "I didn't think you had forgotten me, and looked upon me as a stranger!"

"Hump!" was the pouting young lady's reply to this tender reproach; "do you know how old I am, Sir?"

"You are—let me see—nearly seventeen. But what of that?"

"A great deal, Sir!" cried Hallie, bursting into laughter and tossing her pretty head. Then bestowing upon me a dangerous and provoking glance, shot over her round shoulder in the most coquetish way, she added:

"I am a young lady now, and young ladies ought not to kiss young gentlemen: do you think they ought? If you went away to sea, or got married, or did any other dreadful thing. I don't know that I would refuse; but you know you are not married—poor fellow!—and are only going to college.—You'd only go and tell the boys. I know how you all do! You'd tell them I had kissed you, and they'd think me a romp, and laugh at me; when I'm not a bit of a romp, but quietest and demurest young lady in the world."

Having achieved this speech, Hallie essayed to compose her radiant and mischievous features into a prim, decorous formality. The attempt terminated in an outrageous burst of laughter; and executing an audacious *pirouette* upon the point of her little slipper, which made the damsel resemble an animated balloon, she darted into the house, as rapid and careless as a fawn, to announce my arrival.

Yes, I think I was in love with her from that moment. What makes you always love your cousin? In our country it is against the law, almost, to commence in any other way. Perhaps youths are affected by the same reasons with myself. We had played together romped together, robbed the orchards of their fruit, and the nests of their eggs, always in company. You have observed, a tender feeling toward old friends, the companions of sunny hours; and my experience has led me to the conclusion, that, when these former cronies reappear in the shape of fascinating young girls, our recollections of the past, and fondness for the familiar face, are much more lively and agreeable.

What a happy month I spent at "Ellenbrakes" that year! It is not vanity in me to say that I was a great favorite with the whole household, for at this time I possessed an exuberant joyousness, a good humor which must have made my countenance a cheerful sight, and a disposition to oblige and serve every body around me. No doubt the tie of "kindred blood" had also its effect, for we are very clanish in our family; and from all this resulted a strong disposition to improve still further my popularity, especially with one member of the household.

Hallie and I were always together. Sometimes we wandered down to the river's side, and, unloosing the little sail-boat, spent delightful hours on the bosom of the noble stream, watching the white-winged sea-fowl pursuing their prey, which they bore away with screams in their crooked talons; or fishing, my favorite diversion; or idly talking for long sunny hours, as the diminutive bark moved rapidly upon the waves, throwing up clouds of foam, which the sun turned into rainbows. At other times, Hallie would mount her pony—the sleekest and most docile of animals—and with myself as an attendant, would scour the neighboring country, cantering through the fields, giving free rein to her little animal in the beautiful October woods, and yielding herself up to all the inspiring influences of the place and time. She was an excellent rider, and I can not realize the possibility of any thing more graceful than the figure of the young lady at such moments. She wore a brown habit, fitting closely to her slender form. Her seat in the saddle was admirably firm and graceful, and from beneath the rim of her fawn-colored beaver, with its floating feather, shone a countenance framed in flying curls, and instinct with the most joyous abandon and provoking merriment.

When I helped Miss Hallie to the ground after such rides, I believe something made it necessary to retain her hands pressed tightly in my own; and once or twice, from not attending closely to my duty of receiving the small slipper in my riding gauntlet, she was percipitated, I regret to say, into my arms. At such times, so assiduous was my care that she should suffer no injury, I did not release her until she was safely and securely on her feet. Do you think I was wrong? Hallie did: for this solicitude on my part, in relation to her safety and convenience, was invariably greeted by a toss of the head, a pout of the pretty lips, and sometimes by a threat that she would apply her diminutive riding-whip to my unoffending shoulders. I received these complaints and menaces with an injured could see one whom I loved so dearly hurt herself when I was near to keep her from falling? But to these pathetic requests for information, I never got any reply but "Impudence!" pronounced with astonishing vivacity, or, "You'd better take care, Sir, how you do that next time!" or, "Really! you think I am a child, I suppose! Take your arm away this moment, Sir!"

I always obeyed these imperious commands with a serious and modest air, which had the effect of making Miss Hallie choke an instant and then fly into the house, holding her long skirt dautily, and giving way to laughter as she disappeared. On one of these occasions the long skirt aforesaid got beneath her feet—she tripped and fell, fell length, upon the sward—and because I did not rush on the instant to the rescue, and raise up the prostrate maiden, she would scarcely speak to me the whole evening.

Such, friend, is the peculiar inconsistency of "lovely woman."

II.

I had a rival however.

His name was Josedh Warton, a young gentleman, or rather individual of considerable estate, in the county. Warton hated me cordially, and as Hallie liked him very much I did not adore him.

Warton used to ride over to "Ellenbrakes" mounted on a magnificent horse, or driven in a splendid equipage—this gentleman having conceived the not unsophistical idea, that frequently young ladies are disposed to greet the visitors who come so bravely with additional favor upon that account. I am happy to say, however, that Warton rode very badly, and as I had backed every unbroken colt upon the plantation from my earliest years, I enjoyed what should always constitute, of course, a great and reasonable superiority in its possessor—the art of sitting easy in a saddle.

I was not, however, guilty of the folly of criticising Warton's horsemanship or any thing else about him. Miss Hallie often tried to provoke me into such a criticism.

"Of all the gentlemen of my acquaintance," this astute young lady would say, with an accidental glance at me, "I think Mr. Warton is the most graceful. Don't you think so cousin?"

"Why, really, I have not thought about it, Hallie."

"But you have observed him ride?"

"Not frequently."

"He certainly rides admirably; and such splendid horses!"

"Yes, they are very handsome."

"And then his carriage!"

"I don't think I ever saw any thing more brilliant. If it had come out of a band-box it could not shine brighter—or be more like a city equipage."

"Humph!" Miss Hallie would here ejaculate with a pout, "you are just laughing at Mr. Warton now, Sir! You know you can't bear *citified* things—and you know, too, that you have no opinion of Mr. Warton's riding. I wonder you gentlemen can be so envious and illiberal!"

Pout—toss of the head—slighting sound from between the rosy lips—the whole received with a covert smile on the part of the cautious criminal, who has played his game often. Then, perhaps, Mr. Warton would come in—a distant bow would pass, for I could never bear his uneasy familiarity—and I would stroll away and leave them alone together; which generous proceeding, from all that I could ever observe, was far from being peculiarly acceptable to Miss Hallie. When I look back now, and remember my conduct at this period, I think myself a most astute young gentleman; but, *without vanity*, I have always had a sort of instinct in divining women and their "ways." I was thoroughly jealous of Warton, but invariably yielded him the field with an air of magnanimous indifference. I do not think it injured me.

But to proceed with my little story more systematically. I remained at "Ellenbrakes" for a month—a period which afterward came to my memory like a breath from the "Islands of the Blest"—but at last the time for my return to college came.

On the evening of the day preceding that fixed on for my departure, Hallie and I took a long stroll together in the wood. How that autumn ramble lives still in my memory my memory which, losing hundreds of important things, still holds, and will ever hold with a deathless grasp, this eve in my happy youth! The affluent glories of the October woods were passing; but enough of the splendid foliage remained to make the forest resemble a fairy land of almost unimaginable beauty. The great oaks towered like giants toward the clouds—the maple, alder-tree, and dogwood, burned in gold and crimson every where—the tulips filled the air with perfume from ten thousand delicate bell-shaped flowers—and over all hung, like a curtain of gauze the mellow and enchanting haze of autumn, wrapping the woodland in its dreamy influence, as it filled the hearts of the young man and the girl who gazed upon it with its indefinable languor and mysterious sadness. What is it, in these autumn days, which inclines the heart to love and tenderness, as the mind to aimless reverie? I know not; but such an influence they have always had on me. Wandering now, when the snows of many years have fallen on my hair, amidst such a scene at such a time, I experience the same vague emotion as when, only twenty, I walked by the side of Hallie in the wood of "Ellenbrakes," and thought it was the lovely little queen of Faery who accompanied!

And if the autumn forest lives still in my memory, how much more clearly does she rise before me—the charm of the place, the young princess of the wood, the maiden whom I loved, and shall love forever! How fair she was! By the lofty oaks her slender figure looked as airy as a fay's—as slight as a vapor or a dream—a mere flower of the forest, such as bloom in the pages of the old romances! Her wide hat drooped above a countenance no longer merry and mischievous—a tender sadness made the long dusky lashes bend toward the cheek—on the beautiful lips a pensive languor dwelt, unchanged by smiles. I thought that my departure had some connection with this sadness—she had told me so, indeed: and when at last we sat and gazed upon the sun serenely sinking like a shield of fire behind purple clouds, resembling a golden ocean, I took both her hands in my own, and looked into her eyes, and told her that I loved her, and would never again be happy if she would not be my wife. Was I wrong?

I raise my head, and lean back in my chair and for a moment lay down the pen I write with. I see her face again as she looked at me—her blushes, the tremor of the lip, the necklace rising and falling with the tumultuous pulsations of her heart. Of course I uttered a thousand passionate protestations—and then came Hallie's almost inaudible reply. I shall not repeat her words, though I think I remember them every one. They told me that she could not be my wife—that she loved me very much, but not more than as a girl may love her cousin and old playmate—that marriage with her must be a solemn act—that we were both children almost—no engagement even—no! oh no! she could not—

Then Hallie's voice sank and died away. I shall not further dwell upon the scene. It may easily be imagined that I made every possible effort to change her determination; but all was in vain. Hallie cried a little, but she did not yield, and so we returned silently to "Ellenbrakes."

III.

My temperament is rapid in transition—I pass quickly from one mood to another.

This will serve to explain the extraordinary fact that, an hour after the scene which I have just related, I was playing backgammon with Hallie, and making her laugh with my jokes. I had reached this admirable state of equanimity by a train of logic which did honor to a youth of twenty. Hallie, I argued, liked me far more than any other young gentleman of her acquaintance; for, of late, her admiration for Mr. Warton had greatly cooled—she had no thought of marrying for some years to come. I had secured a firm place in her affections, such as it was, and I should probably return at Christmas, or certainly before the end of the ensuing summer. Thus there was no good ground for wretchedness; and, indeed, this has always seemed to me the most unreasonable of sentiments, when based upon no other ground than the refusal of a young lady to assent at once to a youthful admirer's wishes. I, therefore, put the best face on the affair, and when Hallie made her appearance down stairs again, looking very sorrowful and evidently commiserating deeply my despairing state of mind, I met her with a sad but resigned expression, and proposed her favorite diversion—a game of backgammon.

The look she gave me still amuses me. It was accompanied by a little pout, which said, as plain as any words, "Do you presume to think I will believe you feel like playing backgammon? Your place, this evening, is to be wretched, from your disappointment, Sir!" But this look, which I perfectly understood, was met, on my side, by another, which said, "I am not very gay, it is true; but let us make the best of it—laugh, if we